UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTIAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1844. | WHOLE NO. 1221.

Original Poetry.

TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Time, time, he groweth old apace,
And his steps fall faint and slow;
There are wrinkles deep in his ancient face,
And his eyes are dim I trow,
For he spareth the grass that is sear'd and gray,
And heedlessly moweth the flowers away.

Six thousand years, six thousand years
Have passed, since the smiling morn
Beam'd first on that earthly paradise
Where glad young TIME was born;
Since the spirits that floated on air and sea,
Sang gladly his birthday melody.

He sprang into life with a merry cry,
And the hills and vallies rang,
And the morning stars in the quiet sky,
Together sweetly sang;—
But noiselessly he passeth now,
And stealeth along with a lowering brow.

Be silent and still, for his end draweth near,
And watch with a quivering breath;
No mortal eye beheld his birth,
But *all* shall behold his death,
For the nations from every land and clime,
Shall gather to gaze on, the close of TIME.

The Moon shall look down with a tearful eye,
And the Sun shall withhold his fire,
And the hoary Earth, all parch'd and dry,
Shall flame for his funeral pyre,
When the Angel that standeth on sea and shore,
Proclaimeth that "TIME SHALL BE NO MORE!"

LINES FOR CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

The moon her silent vigils kept,
Within the clear blue sky;
And not a cloud disturbed the scene
Of deep tranquility.

The shepherds watched her riding slow,
Within her silvery car;
When bright appeared o'er Juda's Palms
The Saviour's shining star.

No sooner had its radiant beams
From heavenly fountains ran;
Than breaking o'er a world of sin,
The gospel day began.

And angels from the courts above,
Stood o'er this lower earth;
And sung with harps attuned to praise,
The Saviour's lowly birth.

Glory to Thee, thou Lord most high,
(Their heavenly song thus ran)
From now, "till time shall be no more,
Salvation's free for man."

And when the wandering shepherds saw,
The features of the boy;
Their hearts within them leapt and danced,
So boundless was their joy.

So we by faith's keen eye may see,
The son of God revealed;
And by his precious blood poured out,
Our sins and weakness healed. G. A. D.

Original Tales.

THE WESTERN SETTLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. P. W. B. CAROTHERS.

The tea-table was spread in the little parlor of Mr. Murry's house—and himself, wife, and two daughters, and a son were seated around it. The table linen was fine and white, the China faultless, and the tea good, but there was a scarcity of edibles; the bread was cut so thin, a slice off a farmer's loaf would have comprised the whole, and the venison, or hung beef, so called, and cheese were mere excuses for setting extra plates.

Mrs. Murry was a genteel looking woman, with a thin figure, a pale sharp face, a very fashionable cap and collar, and a well preserved silk gown. Her husband was *shabby genteel*. A pale and wrinkled brow, thin compressed lips, a sharp nose and a sour aspect. In short just such a middle sized, bilious looking man as one meets, by hundreds, in the streets of any commercial city. The daughters were not grown and wore the costume of school misses, but there was a lively spirit peered out from the clear blue eye of the tallest that corresponded well with the little saucy dimples that *would* wake up and look wicked around her mouth. The boy was at that equivocal age when youth is verging into manhood, and had it not been for the decided melancholy cast of his countenance, would have been handsome.

"Dear me, Albert, how *can* you be so absent! I declare I think sometimes you take pleasure in annoying me. What makes you open your mouth and take such monstrous mouthfuls!"

The youth colored crimson as he laid down the thin slice of bread and butter that looked like it might be lost in his capacious jaws, and began sipping his tea.

"There it is again, I believe, I am sure I try to raise my children genteel. One would think you had been raised in a cabin among clowns. Hear how you *sip* up your tea," and here the lady gave a practical illustration, much to the increase of Harriet's suppressed desire of laughing. Albert ceased eating altogether and sat down his cup.

"Now, there it is again. I do not wish you not to eat, but not to eat vulgarly." Just at this moment Harriet put a large piece of bread in her mouth, turning her eyes to her mamma, as she hastily gulped the morsel as if in expectation of her rebuke, but the good lady was too intent on lecturing her son to observe her daughter's dereliction from good breeding, though Albert's large heavy eyes followed her with a mournful expression. Mr. Murry looked doggedly forward at the tea set, fearful that his wife might wake the spirit of rebellion in his son, and yet dreading to interpose, lest a scene should ensue.

"No wonder your father thought of making you a mechanic. I declare I don't know where you learn such vulgar habits."

"I think more of it now, I assure you," said Mr. Murry, "for I spoke to Mr. Ridge, the carpenter, to-day, and Albert is going to him on Monday."

"To Ridge!—on Monday! never," exclaimed Mrs. Murry in a half screaming noise. "I am surprised at you Mr. Murry. How *can* you think of any thing so ungenteel as making our only son a mechanic! Surely we can afford to keep him a little longer, and a clerkship may turn up in a month,—maybe in a few days."

"No," replied Mr. Murry, buttoning up his coat and seizing his hat, "no, I have tried every house,—in the present embarrassed state of affairs old clerks cannot get places, and boys have no chance. I have an excellent opportunity now of putting him apprentice to a good man and a good trade, and heaven send my mother had done so by me; I should not thus have had the hard task of learning to make one dollar do the work of five, and God forbid I should raise my son to the same drudgery. My salary was too small to meet the wants of my family before the late pressure, as the politicians call it, and now I am harrassed to death to keep up appearances. No! no! Albert goes to a trade where he has a chance of getting rich—a clerk has no chance whatever" and so saying he made his escape just in time to close the door before Mrs. Murry, with a faint scream, fell back in a hysteric fit. There was commotion among the juniors. Albert took his mother up in his arms and carried her to bed, while the little girls applied all the usual restoratives that experience had taught them to use to recover their mother. As there were no spectators but her children and no further excitement to passion was offered, Mrs. Murry recovered surprisingly quick considering the violence of the attack, but it was but to inveigh against her husband for his *low* notions, his *low* origin, his *low* calculations for his children, and as she met no opposition from Albert, she concluded, of course, that the youth was silly as herself, and in her unreflecting rage went even so far as to advise open rebellion on the part of her son. The boy listened in respectful silence, or seemed to listen, until exhausted with her own volubility—she sank to slumber. Leaving his little sisters over their books and work baskets to watch their mother until Mr. Murry's return, he stole out, and with rapid steps walked down several streets till he was joined at a corner by a young man, apparently but a few years his senior. The greeting was cordial even to affection between the youths, and they talked long of old times, old plays, and old playmates, for it seemed the young man had been absent for a length of time.

"And now tell me, Frank, about this glorious western world. I have thought a great deal ever since I got your last letter, and do you know I have almost—nay, I have *determined*, Frank, to go home with you."

Albert looked up earnestly and yet with an embarrassed air in his friend's frank, but sun-burned countenance, as he uttered this determination. For a second the bright illumination of pleasure flashed over it, but in the next he looked down seriously, and laying his arm on Albert's shoulder, he said,

"Believe me, dear Albert, I should like, of all things, to have you in our 'glorious west,' as you call our country, but I am sure your mamma would not consent to her son's becoming a farmer, nay, a laborer, for I always give things their right names. I remember how proud she always was of you, and how nice she always kept you dressed. Now if you were to go home with me you would have to wear coarse leather boots, up to your knees, jean pantaloons and flannel hunting shirts, and coarse yarn mittens, in place of kid gloves. And you would have to plough, and plant corn, and hoe it too, for all the stories you hear of its growing without culture. Think of raking and binding grain all day in the hot sun, and tossing hay, and then cutting up corn until it cuts your clothes all to tatters."

"Stop, what was that you wrote about husking it after it was cut? and what about those nice pies and cakes and cheese you said the girls brought into the field, and the plentiful dinners, and luxurious suppers? Oh! Frank, you don't want your old chum to go."

"Indeed I do, Albert, I would make a man of you if your parents were only willing."

"Yes, but they would never consent. My poor father has had his salary, always slender enough, cut down to one half since the late pressure, and my mother thinks we can make the same *appearance*, by using strict economy in the house bills, and in fact, she starves us to keep us fine. Now there is no mode of convincing her but what she is doing just right, and to do her justice, she is an excellent manager, and can make a dinner out of chips, equal to a French cook, but I cannot subscribe to the Grahamite philosophy, and in our plentiful country I have no notion of wearing fine linen and a fine coat at the expense of my stomach."

"Why, Albert, you have surely altered strangely," said Frank, smiling, "you that used to be so generous in dividing fruit or confectionary, you surely have not grown a glutton."

Albert blushed painfully, as he replied, "No indeed; but it is to *divide* that I so long to become a farmer. True, I am very hungry sometimes, and I cannot help guessing that father's cheek is thinner and more wrinkled, since mamma became so great an economist in the pantry; but that is not all. When I look at a map, my eyes always wander away to the broad lands along the shores of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and I think of a nice cottage and a garden, and rich corn fields and fat cattle, and my father sitting in the shade and watching me at work, and the girls—little Hal—milking the cows—oh! Frank."

For a moment the boys eyes met, and the tears stood in both, but both were silent. Frank seemed to be lost in meditation—at last he exclaimed,

"I have hit it—you *can* work, Albert!"

"Work! if you only knew my heart."

"Enough said—meet me to-morrow night, here. My father has large tracks to be cleared, you are young and healthy—you shall be a farmer; and if our girls can't give you pies enough to make you grow—aye! and good substantials too." And so saying, he shook Albert heartily by the hand and bade him good night. Slowly Albert walked back. His heart was swelling with a crowd of strange emotions. He had never disobeyed his parents in the smallest trifle; how then could he set up his will in opposition to this. It was not to be thought of—and besides, he doubted whether he would be allowed to exercise it, should he tell them his plan. On the other hand, there was a meanness in clandestinely leaving them. And the thought of incurring the bad opinion of his father was very painful. All these considerations sunk, however, before the prospect of gaining a home for his parents old age, in the far west; and he tried to stifle his uneasy feelings by the brightly colored anticipation of youth. His friend, Frank Ashland, was the only son of a merchant, who, several years before had converted his funds into western lands, and had become a wealthy farmer. In boyhood a strict friendship existed between them, and in their correspondence Frank had drawn such joyous pictures of coon fights, huskings—loggings and apple cuttings, that all Mrs. Murry's lessons on gentility, melted before the ardor of her son's wishes to join his friend in his rural engagements. "I can split a hundred rails a day," wrote Frank to Albert, "and then hunt till twelve o'clock at night with a dozen of our neighbor's boys, and then come home and despatch half a dozen of those pumpkin pies you used to like so much, and then be up in the morning before you city boys think of stirring." This was too glowing a picture not to rivet the fancy of the school-boy, wearied by the quiet monotony of the everlasting school-room, and one too, who felt that the muscles of his rapidly growing frame, would soon develope under the genial training of his friend, whereas his mother held all wrestling, jumping, throwing, &c., exceedingly ungenteel, if not immoral.

A night of anxious disquietude was followed by the scant and formal breakfast. Mrs. Murry was very nervous and very fretful as usual, and her husband and son of course had to bear the burden of her infirmities. Ah! good temper! thou art the gem of priceless worth in the domestic circle. At school Albert went through the usual routine of study, but his head and heart were both to full, and he incurred the reprimand of his teacher and the laugh of his class-mates, for his inattention. A laugh is the hardest thing to be borne by a school-boy, and the indignant blood rushed to his brow as he muttered, "dunces who never had a thought beyond to-day;" and he hurried home. His mamma had gone out to spend the day, and his father, more talkative than usual, expatiated on the comforts he would enjoy at his new home at the carpenter's, represented how plentifully their table would be served—jested Albert on his good appetite, and finally calculated how many years it would be in the common course of events, before he could be a rich man!

"Dear father," said little Harriet, "why Albert will be quite an old man before he gets rich." Albert's thoughts reverted to the farm but he was silent. Much as he longed to open his heart to his father, he dared not—for he well knew he was the victim of prejudice, and he dreaded a scene with his mother. He did not return to school in the afternoon, and very long did it seem to the restless boy, and when evening came and he sat around the table for the last time, his dark melancholy eyes were heavy with suppressed tears. He had packed a few books and his clothes in a trunk which he conveyed himself to the landing, and then returning, sat down by his mother. Mrs. Murry was in fine spirits, and talked of her visit, and advised Albert by all means to cultivate the acquaintance of a youth, the son of a lady whom she had seen that day. "He is quite interested for you, my dear," said she, "and when I told him of your papa's preposterous notion of making you a mechanic, he and his mother were quite shocked. His father, you know, is a rich merchant, and who knows but they may take you into the counting-room."

"Mamma," said Albert, thankfully, "did it never occur to you that a young man who has no capital but his own industry, was very silly to sacrifice health and liberty to the drudgery of the counting house!"

Mrs. Murry looked aghast.

"What *do* you mean!"

"I mean, dear mother, that in our country, where broad lands lie open for the winning, that a man's industry were better applied to their acquisition, than to lead a life long like my dear father."

"Their acquisition! I do not understand you. How could you acquire land without money!"

"By labor, by simply putting in requisition the strength that man is endowed with."

"Albert, how you talk! would you be a vulgar laborer for hire!"

"Indeed I would, mamma—where is the difference between the ploughman or axeman, and the clerk, save in the clothes! Indeed the advantage is all on the side of the laborer—"

"Albert, Albert, repeat no more such folly—where *could* you have learned such vulgar notions, I am sure I have tried to raise you genteely; but it is all your father's fault, always wishing he had been a farmer."

Albert sighed, and when they were all retired to bed, he softly walked down stairs and joined his friend, Frank Ashland, and by daybreak they left the city, where he had been born, for the forests of an untried country.

"Father," said young Ashland, when he arrived at home, "father, I have brought you another son;" and from that hour the two young men were treated alike by the old gentleman. Their only rivalry was, who should be the best ploughman, the best axemen, the best cradler. To clear land was, of course, an object of importance to Mr. Ashland, and the two city boys soon learned to cope with the stoutest country bred farmers. For two years Albert had remained with Mr. Ashland, and in that time, the thin, pale boy, had grown into a stout athletic man. One day Mr. Ashland was sitting on a fence, watching them as they rolled up a pile of logs, and laughed over their work, and calling them to him desired them to sit down.

"Boys," said he, "you are now men in size, at least, and I am going to pay you for your last two years work. I give each of you eighty acres of good land, half timber and half prairie. Work one year more for me, I will give you a team of horses and a plough."

Albert's face flushed crimson, as he replied,

"But my dear sir, I came to you homeless, ignorant, and not strong, like I am now."

"Tut," said the old gentleman, "a willing hand makes light work; you have earned every cent;—make yourself easy, I give you no more than you deserve. You are a good boy, Albert, and now sit you down here and tell me all your wishes and prospects are, just as you were talking with your father."

And Albert did sit down, and with a grateful and overflowing heart, he told his venerable friend of all his youthful hopes in coming to the West.

"Aye!" said Mr. Ashland, "I thought there was something in those deep fits of abstraction—those reveries, as our Laura calls them, and so, my poor boy, your heart was all with your parents, in New York."

"Indeed it was, sir."

"And were you never discouraged when you saw how hard it was to clear land?"

"Never, sir; I felt myself young and strong, and full of determination, that if Providence favored me I would earn a home for them. I only feared that the time would be so long my father would be utterly broke down."

"Aye! time seems long to the young, but he flies fast with the old. Well, Albert you shall have your eighty acres now, his winter you and Frank can get out your timber for a house and barn, and make some rails to fence in a few acres, and stop, a thought strikes me; you are the best scholar among us, suppose you take a school for a couple of years, and work on the farm with Frank in summer—the school will bring you some money to build your house, and thus against you are twenty-one, you will have a farm of your own." And so saying the old gentleman gave him a slap on the shoulder, and left the young men to finish their log rolling.

Two years, two happy years, sped with little change, save that Frank, began to think of building him a house. "But I do not wish to help Albert," said his blooming sister Laura, "but his house is almost finished, and he has land enough to begin on, and, in short, Laura. when I see Mary, I would like to say I had a little cottage to bring her to."

It was a fine autumn evening, when it is just fading into winter. The light of the sinking sun was still gloriously golden, but the air came chillingly cold, and men buttoned their coats as they hastened home along the busy streets. Mrs. Murry's tea table was again set in the same little parlor, and little alteration had occurred in its arrangement, save that there was rather a greater abundance in quantity. Time had dealt lightly with the fretful dame, and her cap was still unquestionably the very latest fashion. Upon her helpmate it had breathed somewhat roughly. The tresses were thin and gray, the cheeks sunk and wrinkled, the eye had grown dim, and spectacles covered them. Two young girls, just grown to womanhood were gravely dispensing the tea and bread and butter, when a quick rap at the door caused Mr. Marry to rise and see who called at so unseasonable an hour. A tall, handsome man, his cheek embrowned by travel, stood on the threshold.

"My father, won't you forgive me?" and before he could reply, he was folded in the arms of his son. Delighted to see her son look so *genteel*, Mrs. Murry gave him a joyful welcome, and as the girls made room for him at the table, he laughingly reminded them of his appetite, and warned them to provide enough bread and butter.

"And by the bye, Hal, I am come to take you where you can learn to manufacture both articles in perfection. Your old acquaintance, Laura Ashland, has promised to be your tutoress in learning to milk and make butter and cheese, and I know my dear mamma will admit you could not have a more *genteel* preceptress."

At our latest advices, the old lady was making a new carpet and sundry additions to the gentility of Albert's arrangements; and rumor spoke of the late vacancy in the cottage, caused by the marriage of Albert's favorite "Hal" with a rich farmer, being supplied by Laura Ashland.

Christmas.

…en inches in circumference, and with tusks …ne inch and a half long.

☞ The number of permits taken out for the erection of buildings in Boston, from January to December, was $1,132; in East Boston 95; in South Boston 198. Total, 1,625.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

505 shares Girard Bank,	9¼a10¼
[illegible]0 do. Wilmington R. R.	22a22¼
[illegible]0 do. United States Bank,	5
42 do. Northern Bank of Kentucky,	90a90¼
25 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.,	29
20 do. Far. and Mec. Bank,	42
15 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	257½
$500 Texas Treasury Notes,	13½
3000 Reading R. R. Bonds,	67¼
1000 Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	65¼
10,000 Penna. 5's,	74¼
10,000 Penna. 5's,	74¼
31,000 Penna 5's,	74¼
3000 U. States Bank Notes,	75
[illegible]500 Penna. 5's,	74¼
6,000 Penna 5's,	74¼
5,[illegible]00 Penna. 5's,	74¼
2,000 Penna. 5's,	73¾
[illegible]25 Penna. 5's, new an	67
$[illegible]00 Penna. 5's, old an	68
$400 State 5's, rw	74¼
$151 70 Lehigh 6's, 1848,	36¼
$100 do. 1845,	36
$600 County 5's, 1860, old,	[illegible]
$500 State 5's, an	67¼
$500 Wil. R. R. 6's, 1858,	80
1600 do. 1855, b5 wn	80
1000 Lehigh 6's, 1845, b5,	38
1400 do. 1853, rw	37¼
1600 Ches. & Del. Canal Loan,	66¼
2500 Wil. R. R. 6's, 1855,	80

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

We have a description of two new and dangerous counterfeits, which have just made their appearance in this city.—*N. Y. Bank Note List.*

5's and 100's on the Bank of New York—the 100's are letter A. payable to C. Heyer, dated July 1, 1844. Signed J. B. Halsey, Cashier. J. O. Ootbout, President. Vignette, an angel with medallion on the left end—head with helmet. Well executed.

The 50's are the same letter, signatures and date—vignette, a female figure—a shield and eagle, on the right.

An English Story.

THE INCENDIARY.

[The following tale is an extract from Bentley's Miscellany; and is interesting in this country as giving a clue to the why and wherefore of the incendiary fires, in English rural districts, of which we frequently read in our foreign papers. We commend it to the notice of American farmers, among whom, by the blessings of Providence, such causes of calamity and discontent are absent.]

For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.—*Byron.*

Farmer Bagley's premises at Barnholme were in a blaze!

Who the incendiary could be; when, and by what means, he could have fired a farmstead so admirably watched, and never deserted; a farmstead thronged with laborers, and from which the vigilant eye of the stirring owner was rarely absent,—was a puzzle that grievously perplexed the muddy brains of the Barnholme people.

But, be the agent who he might, the fact was indisputable; that none could gainsay. Flames were bursting from the outhouses; and for the *fourth* time! The consternation of the owner, unequivocal as it was, did not preclude his catching as they arose the most pressing exigencies of the moment, and promptly meeting them. Orders were calmly given, and, on the whole, ably carried out. Produce to some amount was burnt; and a valuable team of horses perished; but the dwelling-house and the rick-yard escaped.

But though Farmer Bagley was calm and silent, and apparently resigned, the most racking disquietude wrung his bosom. An enemy, it was clear, he possessed; active, unscrupulous, and implacable. That enemy—if a feeling of security was ever to be his again—he must detect and crush. The entire current of his life was changed. A career of distrust, suspicion, and hostility towards his kind was about to open before him. Hitherto he had been a prosperous man. He had been fortunate in having a most indulgent landlord. He had not a single acre of bad land in his "*take*." Neither drought nor blight had visited his fields. But on his heart prosperity had done its usual work—it had seared it as to the sorrows or sufferings of those around him.

"Oh, bother their feelings!" was his expression in reference to his dependants; for vain was every attempt to teach this prosperous man that upon the laborer kindness, either of look or language, told. "Bother their feelings! what business, I should like to know, has a poor man with such things as those? His feelings should lie in his potato-garth and pig-stye. If hir potato-rigs yield well, and his pig fattens readily, let him bless God, and be thankful: as to his feelings—let him pocket 'em!"

Equally strange was his creed as to labor. He held most pertinaciously that the aged and helpless were useless members of society; a bitter "burden on the honest industry" of the producer; and "without any claim to the consideration or protection of the working part of the community, save that which the sentimental foolery of the daily press lent them." He dwelt sonorously on the verse—how aptly can the unfeeling quote Scripture to their purposes! "He that will not work, neither let him eat." In his view the worn-out man, the decrepid woman, the idiot child, each of these was a *fungus* on the face of society; justice, as well as policy said,—"*Away* with it!"

And yet Farmer Bagley's society was courted by his class; and Farmer Bagley's opinions were received on most subjects with marked respect. No man understood better how to crop land to advantage. No man was a better judge of cattle. No man watched the markets with a more wary eye. And no man knew better how to tickle the fancy, or fix the judgment of a wavering customer. He was a pillar of the agricultural interest. Lord —— consulted him as to "the resources" of an ill-coming tenant. The steward took his opinion privately as to the crops of a defaulter. Sir Thomas —— begged he would ride over his grass land, and "say what it was fairly worth per acre;" while the young heiress' man of business would call, and "put it to him confidentially" whether he "was safe" in accepting for the minor a mortgage on a neighboring farm, the owner of which wanted an immediate advance of money. But with all his aptitude for business, and with all his natural shrewdness, Bagley for once was at fault. Large rewards were offered. Inquiries, through public and private channels, were anxiously instituted—but issued in no result. No intruder, or interloper of any description, had been seen loitering around the ricks. The business of the farm had been going on as usual up to the hour of the fire; and the laborers all concurred in asserting that none but the usual hands had been seen upon the homestead. The neighboring landowners now interfered; and at their instance London police were brought down to Barnholme. The conclusion these latter very speedily arrived at was remarkable enough. They informed the astonished Mr. Bagley that it was absurd to suppose the property had been fired by any stranger: they were satisfied the act had been committed by some party at work upon the premises!

Against this dictum Mr. Bagley rebelled most stoutly!

"*That* I will never believe," said he, with an ominous frown. "A likely matter, truly! What servant in my employment would dream of such a deed—much more dare to execute it? Palaver!—moonshine!—humbug!"

An opportunity was speedily afforded him of reconsidering his opinion. On that day se'nnight an alarm of "fire," for the *fifth* time, was given at the Barnholme household; but to little purpose. No exertion could stay the progress of the devouring element. For six hours it blazed, and roared, and revelled in the destruction it created. It was ample! Homestead, rick-yard, barn, stabling,—all were one mass of smouldering ruins. Mr. Bagley was a homeless and well-nigh ruined man.

Some wicked wag has said that "a catastrophe in a country village is an indescribable boon to its inhabitants: it ruffles the stagnant surface of their existence, and compels their muddy intellects to receive fresh impressions of men and things around them." Whatever smartness there may be in the satirist's remark—and it has some little truth, mixed up with a strong dash of malignity,—it libelled the feelings of the good people of Abbot's-bury. They regarded, one and all, the destruction of Mr. Bagley's premises in the light of a personal calamity; and bestirred themselves with commendable unanimity to detect the perpetrator. At one stage of the investigation it came out incidentally that on each occasion when the homestead was fired, whether that event occurred late or early in the evening, an old pony named "Chirrup," and a blind bullfinch called "Swell," were off the premises. Those who conducted the inquiry made light of the circumstances; characterized it as "*wholly unimportant*;" and declined to make any minute respecting it. Not so a young springald of an attorney, who on behalf of some insurance office watched the proceedings. He attached weight to the incident; and quietly satisfied himself as to the party who fed the bird, and rode the pony; and when he found that Zachary Theaks, a half-witted laborer on the farm, an orphan, wretchedly poor, and only tolerated for his physical strength, and the gay good humor with which he would grapple with any amount of toil, was the owner of "Swell," and the special protector of "Chirrup," from that moment did the fledgling attorney bend all his energies to prove that this poor imbecile lad was in a guilty sense cognizant of each fire, if not the actual incendiary.

Never did conclusion appear more improbable! That Theaks, who seemed to have [illegible] who had lived on the farm from childhood; who was friendless; and dependent for his daily bread, on Mr. Bagley's good opinion; that *he* should originate or execute a scheme so frightful in its results, to his employer, was a supposition sufficiently unnatural and extravagant. In Attorney Keenwit's brain it had, however, obtained a lodgment; and while he is beating about for evidence to support his case, let us revert to the past, and see what clue it will afford to the perplexities of the present.

* * * * * * *

The shades of a summer's evening are gathering around Holme Farm. Near its rustic porch stands a florid-looking young man, with angry eye, and consequential air: opposite him may be seen—bare-headed—a meagre, ill-clad, middle-aged laborer, whose anxious face well accords with his supplicating accents and humble attitude.

"I've nothing more to say, Tom," said the young man,—he was evidently the employer of the care-worn being who almost crouched at his feet; "the damage was caused by your folly; and you, and no other, shall make it good."

"The traces, sir, were old—very old," returned the other; "worn out, sir, indeed—if you'll believe me: and Jumper is so fractious and restive in harness, that no living man can hold him when he's in his tantrums."

"Hold him! Say at once, fellow! that you were drunk, and dropped the reins."

"Drunk, sir! Where was the drink to come from? It's not to be had, sir; it's not to be had with *my* wages!"

"Ho! ho! Insolent, as well as careless!"

"No, sir,—no," interposed the other, eagerly; "but when a man's spirit is roused, rash words will follow."

"Then, why prate? You know my meaning? All to be made good by to-morrow evening, thoroughly; mind, no patching! You'll be more careful another time. Ha! ha! ha! You understand me!"

The poor fellow looked up piteously in his master's face. No word, no gesture of acquiescence escaped him. After a short pause, he said, in a low, husky voice, his gaze riveted on his employer's features, as if to watch the effect of this final appeal,—"My wife, sir, and child, are both in the fever; the doctor says that Zachary isn't likely to get over it."

"Well! that's your business, not mine. You don't mean to say that wife and child belong to me, do ye?"

A harsh, sneering laugh wound up the sentence, and the speaker turned upon his heel, with the complacent air of one who fancies he has made a hit.

"One favor, sir—one favor!" persisted the saddened dependant,—"the first I've asked for many years; let Nicol or Gervis drive and litter 'Jumper' for the future. He's a vicious brute, and more than a match for me."

"Pshaw! nonsense!"

"Master, listen to me this once,—but this once."

"No, Theaks; no servant shall choose his work upon *these* premises. Look after 'Jumper' yourself, as usual."

"Then I can tell the upshot," said the man mournfully; "I shall be found some morning cold and stiff beneath that brute's heels, with my brains scattered from one side of his stall to the other."

"Then your lease will be a long one," remarked Bagley, jeeringly; "don't perplex yourself with imagining any such calamity. Kick as 'Jumper' may, no brains will be forthcoming!"

And with this bitter jest the master hastened to his well-plenished board; and the laborer hied to his infected cottage.

But his unfortunate wife did not die. After a long and doubtful contest with disease, she arose from her wretched pallet a helpless, feeble, withered woman, ravenous for food; but incapable of the lightest labor to procure it. Nor did death claim his child. Scanty fare, few comforts, and most irregular medical attendance had been his; but youth, and temperate habits, saved him. The victim was to be found elsewhere.

On May-day morning the elder Theaks was missing at the farm. He was wanted specially to fetch some sheep from a neighboring fair; and Mr. Bagley was furious at his non-appearance. An hour passed; and then inquiries were made at his cottage. His wife assured the messenger that the missing man had left his home as usual at day-break; and expressed her conviction that he would be found busily employed in his master's business on the premises. Doubts of this were expressed; and by the agitated woman's express desire Zachary was sent out forthwith to seek him. The search lasted not long. A foreboding, which the lad could never well explain, led him to the stables. In "Jumper's" stall, deep down in the litter, trampled on, lacerated, crushed and marred, till its lifeless form had lost all semblance of humanity, lay the unfortunate farm-servant. The party who discovered him was his own child.

Never did an employe appear to less advantage than Bagley during the painful proceedings which necessarily ensued. The jury—an inquest was indispensable—unanimously demanded that "Jumper" should be shot: a condition which the coroner took care should be carried into effect. Not, however, without considerable resistance on the part of Mr. Bagley.

"What!" was the exclamation of the indignant foreman; "is not the sacrifice of *one* valuable life sufficient? Is another human being to perish by the ungovernable fury of this vicious animal?"

"He's valuable to *me*," was the owner's sullen reply.

"Do you consider his services equivalent to the risk of human life?" was the rejoinder.

"How am I to replace him?" said the farmer, vehemently.

"Your horse or the laborer: to which do you refer?" said a listening and thoroughly perplexed juryman.

"Oh!" was the answer,—an answer long and bitterly remembered,—"a laborer I can replace any hour of the day; such cattle are plenty as blackberries; but for a fast trotter like 'Jumper,' I may search the world over!"

"*Life!* sir, LIFE! weigh that, and recall your statements," observed the foreman: "they are at *this time* indecent."

"Indecent! what do you mean? That horse cost me, first and last, five-and-forty guineas; and it's a d—d shame, because that fool Theaks got between his legs that I'm called upon to shoot him!"

A howl of execration greeted this obnoxious statement; nor ceased till Bagley angrily quitted the apartment.

But from one result of this burst of public feeling, Bagley, with all his hardihood, could not escape,—sullenly and angrily as he bent to it. He was told on all sides that the father having died in his service, he was bound by every consideration of mercy and justice to find employment for the son.

"I expected to hear as much!" was the reply. A bitter oath followed. "Well! let him come! The farm will be a hospital for idiots presently."

Poor Zachary! such was his bidding to a homestead watered with his father's blood! Scanty fare, sneers, reproaches, open dissatisfaction, and not infrequent blows, accompanied him throughout his day of toil. But on him they made apparently little or no impression. From the hour he lighted on his father's mangled remains his intellects seemed shaken. There was the childish smile, and the vacant eye, and the wandering gaze, each and all indicative of "reason faltering in her seat." But he was cheered with no pity. Why should he? He was "a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water"—no more! Harmless, silent, and uncomplaining, he fulfilled the daily task imposed upon him: but all the life, and buoyancy, and daring spirit of youth were fled. His heritage was—toil. On one point he was sensitive—nobly so—the disastrous position of his mother. The constancy, devotedness, and self-denial with which poor Feeble-mind ministered to her wants would have reflected honor on the highest order of intellect. The best of his food—his weekly wages *entire*—any chance gratuity that he might have received—a showy flower—fresh fruit—all were carried to the bedside of his suffering parent. And all were unavailing. She became completely helpless; could not move without assistance; a nurse was indispensable; and this latter appendage involved an application to the parish. Reluctantly was it made; but its necessity was un[illegible].

Once more did Mr. Bagley sustain a principal character. "What!" was his remark when the application was mooted—"what, relieve Tom Theak's widow! Relieve a woman *who lives in her own house!* They had better relieve ME! *I* want it quite as much!"

It was observed to him, in reply, that what he called "a house" was in reality, a mud cottage, built by the poor woman's last husband upon a corner of the waste; reared with his own hands; had not a perch of land attached to it; and was, in fact, as rude and humble a dwelling as could shelter a human being from the blasts of winter.

"Be it what it may," returned Bagley, "I claim it for the parish the moment she receives pecuniary assistance. Thenceforth it is ours."

A gentler spirit present recalled to him the excellent character borne by Theaks, the deceased husband; that he had never on any occasion been burdensome to the parish; that the honesty and industry of both husband and wife had been matter of general notoriety. "The poor creature," concluded the speaker, "*must* and *shall* be relieved: it is inhuman to debate it."

"Did I say she was *not* to be relieved?" asked Bagley, sharply. "Give her relief, if so it please you, but not where she is; *that* house she quits!"

"She will quit existence altogether ere many weeks are over. Why harass an unfortunate and suffering woman?"

"Why harass an unfortunate and overburdened parish? was the rejoinder. "Relieve her by all means; *but remove her*."

The party interested, who had risen from her bed to learn the decision of the "assembled gentlemen," begged they would "deal mercifully by her petition, and let her die where she was." She would "fain close her eyes where she had lived so many years; in the home which she considered her own; and which she and her husband had *without assistance* reared. She entreated—she implored them to heed her request."

Mr. Bagley was inexorable. His decision was in substance this. If she wanted parish assistance she should have it; but it should be afforded in a proper and authorized form. The workhouse was the place for parties circumstanced as she was. She would then have every care, and every medical attendance and assistance which she required. The cottage the parish would see to. That was *their* duty: and he would answer for its due performance.

The poor creature wept, and entreated, and prayed; grew almost frantic when she found no impression was to be made on the hard hearts around her; said some things in her mental agony which were cutting, because perfectly true; and some things that were foolish, because irrelevant and unavailing. The patience of the meeting being exhausted, she was desired to withdraw.

Mr. Bagley triumphed.

Widow Theaks relinquished her cottage. But her tormentor might, without much "violation of law," have permitted her to occupy it to the last. She was an inmate of the workhouse somewhere about six-and-thirty hours. One of the nurses found her dead in her bed the morning but one succeeding her arrival.

The anguish endured by the poor imbecile during the time his mother's removal was agitated, determined on, and effected, was visible enough. He performed, as usual, his daily task; and, as usual, in silence. To none did he make complaint. From none did he seek redress. But moans deep, sad, and frequent, attested the conflict he was then undergoing; and from his food, eagerly devoured at other times, he now turned with loathing.

His employer observed the change, and, as a matter of course, rowed him.

"Zachary! what's amiss? Is the meal-hour too early; or the dinner itself not to your taste?"

"*Heart* won't eat!" was the idiot's reply.

"Burn the fellow! He has more feeling than I thought for. But it's misplaced. It's his duty to feel for none but his master."

Oh, rare conclusion!

But to others the most inexplicable part of Zachary's conduct was the manner in which he received tidings of his mother's death. The first shock over, he became marvellously cheerful. By some strange, and to the bystanders inconceivable process, his mind seemed relieved, thoroughly stayed and satisfied. The moaning ceased; his countenance cleared; and he ate as usual.

"D—n the fellow!" cried Mr. Bagley: "he has no feeling at all. He cares no more about his dead mother than I do!"

Three weeks after this conversation, the blaze was seen of the *first* fire upon the farm; and within ten days after the *last*, Zachary was an inmate of the county jail, charged with the crime of arson; and awaiting his trial at the impending assizes. They were to be held within a fortnight; and little opportunity was thus afforded me of obtaining an insight into the prisoners fears or feelings. Had the interval been longer, my impressions would probably have been as inconclusive; for never was there a mind which more completely baffled the efforts of him who would master it. He listened calmly, and with interest, to the spiritual instruction afforded him; admitted nothing; denied nothing; but if reference was made to his imputed share in the recent fires, met it with the shrewd remark—

"I am fatherless and motherless; have no home and no friends; I must eat, and I must drink; then *why* should I destroy my only shelter upon this earth?"

His trial came on; and certainly no effort was spared by the prosecutor to convict him. The case was carefully got up; and to guard against surprise, Bagley himself sat by the side of the leading counsel, to prime him with minor details; to explain the position of the rickyard; to point out its proximity to the house; and its rambling, narrow, and tortuous access. In fact it was scarcely possible for any party to gain admittance into the stack-yard without passing close to the house, and coming under the observation of one or more of its inmates. Hence it was inferred that the fires in question were kindled by no stranger, but by some individual well acquainted with the premises. That that individual was Zachary the prosecuting counsel said he should be able to establish but too clearly and decisively.

The points most insisted on against the prisoner were his attachment to "Chirrup" and "Swell;" the daily care bestowed upon them,—ah! the heart, however crushed and stranded, must have some object to cling to! and the artful manner in which both bird and beast had been withdrawn from the farmstead a few hours previous to the outbreak of each fire, and placed beyond the reach of injury. To this fact was added another, the discovery, in a curiously contrived crevice of the loft where the prisoner slept, of some combustible materials, which, it was ascertained, would ignite upon the slightest friction. These were circumstances confessedly pregnant with suspicion; and their unfavorable effect was deepened by the additional fact, deliberately sworn to by two credible witnesses, that on the evening of the last fire, when the roof of the dwelling-house fell in, and the total demolition of the farm-buildings became inevitable, Zachary was overheard to exclaim, with joyful emphasis, "Quite at last!"

Evidence substantiated, more or less, each of these points. The counsel for the prosecution then bowed, and said, "That was his case:" and the judge called upon Zachary for his defence. He, with the most awkward, clumsy, idiotic gestures, which human being could exhibit under evident excitement, begged the judge to call his master back, put him again in the witness-box, and question him to this effect:—

Whether he (the prisoner) had not always "*sarved*" him as an honest and faithful "*sarvant*?" Whether he had ever given him any cause for suspicion in the house, field, or farm? Whether he had ever used any threatening or abusive language to his master, treat him how that master would?

All which questions were answered most satisfactorily for Zachary.

"Feeble-mind" then blurted out, with indescribable contortions, and the same silly, boorish mindless smile, that "Farmer Bagley's farmstead was his '*whoame*,' that he had 'never had words' with his master, nor 'given him a sarcy answer in all his life;' that he had 'no other *pleace* to get to:'" and then he looked up at the jury with a gay, good-humored glance, and asked whether "it was at all a *lookily* thing that he should go for to burn down the '*pleace*' where he had got his bread? That was all he had to say about it!"

The judge, who had watched him keenly while speaking, inquired if he "could read?" "No." "Write?"—"No." "Could he say the Lord's prayer?"—"No." "Could he say any prayer whatever?"—"*Ies*."—and at a railroad pace Zachary delivered himself of the Apostles' creed! The judge looked immeasurably shocked, and commenced his charge. In his homily no mention was made of the much-forgotten truth, that, if the poor are to be made contented, they must be FED as well as *taught*; that, if a people are to be rendered happy, their backs must be clothed, and their hunger relieved, as well as their capacity cultivated. These considerations, "of the earth, earthy," Judge —— overlooked. He soared above them. Nay, so earnest was his lordship, that it seemed doubtful, at one time, whether he did not meditate charging the burning of Farmer Bagley's premises upon the indisposition of the clergy *personally* to superintend the working of national schools! But of this conclusion he stopped short. He then adverted to the evidence, and summed up unquestionably in favor of the prisoner. He put it to the jury, more than once, whether they could convict, on mere circumstantial evidence, "a being like that before them, so palpably deficient in intellect"—("He's not so simple as he looks!" murmured Bagley apprehensively;)—"so debased,—and so grossly ignorant."

The jury looked heated, hungry and tired; turned round for a few moments in their box; and then, through their foreman, pronounced a verdict of ACQUITTAL.

Mr. Bagley looked aghast.

Zachary bowed grotesquely to the court, and disappeared. His comment on the entire proceeding was equivocal enough: "Maaster, I hope, is quite satisfied; I am!"

Many months after I had been relieved of the duties of my official situation,—that, I believe, is the received mode of expressing it,—I went over to Paris and thence to St. Cloud. During an early walk before breakfast, I was overtaken by a groom, somewhat conspiciously dressed, in charge of a splendid English hunter. The symmetry of the animal was so perfect, and his action so noble, that, as he passed and repassed me, I paused for the purpose of further and more leisurely observation. The man seemed proud of his charge, and pleased with the admiration which the hunter excited. Curiosity induced me to accost him, and inquire the name of the owner. The groom started at the sound of my voice, eyed me fixedly for a few moments, and then hurried off at a brisk pace, apparently annoyed and disconcerted.

"Now," thought I, "if we had ever met before, I should say that that fellow has reason of his own for wishing to shy me."

Averse to be baffled in my object, I addressed the same inquiry to a venerable personage from his dress, one who favored the *ancien regime*—who was loitering near the spot.

The old gentleman looked up with a cynical air, and snappishly answered,

"The groom belongs—at least so I gather from his dress—to the son and heir of *Iscariot the Second*."

I was fairly gravelled, and begged, with due humility, for an explanation.

"If you studied Scripture," was the reply, seasoned with considerable acerbity of manner, "you would be well aware that Iscariot the *first* betrayed his Master; Iscariot the *second* followed in his wake. To an utter stranger it would be imprudent, sir, to explain *myself* further."

A bow, a shrug, a grimace followed, and the old gentleman mended his pace, and pursued his travels.

"And this is France!" thought I. "What a particularly agreeable, courteous, communicative set of people!"

Feeling, and looking, I dare say, fairly bothered, an artizan accosted me, and, touching his cap, said, with great *bonhommie*, "Monsieur seems embarrassed;—is there any information I can afford him?"

I repeated my question.

"That party holds some appointment of trust in the ménage of the Duc d'Orleans. English, doubtless, from his features—so much the better for him! Louis Philippe, and all the reigning family—" a bitter sneer intimated his strong affection for the dynasty—"are peculiarly partial to the English people."

"I doubted this, for I had reason to know that the wary usurper—the "Fox of the Family," as Talleyrand happily termed him—had, in more than one instance, met with contemptuous silence, or repulsed with supercilious ingratitude, the representations of those who reminded him how, to their cost, they had served and aided *his race*, when in exile in England.

His attachment, therefore, to English people I viewed as somewhat apocryphal, unless, indeed, it were based upon the convenient principle, "in SORROW succor us, *in prosperity forget us!*"

My reverie would have lasted longer, but was closed by the significant summary, softly whispered by my companion, "Take courage, sir; we shall have the WHITE PLUME amongst us ere long!"

My sojourn at St. Cloud was nearing its close, and, amid the innumerable trains of thought which a foreign land suggests, the hunter, groom and Carlist were forgotten, when on the last morning of my stay, I encountered the hunting *cortége* of the French heir-apparent. Two of his younger brothers were with him, the Ducs d'Aumale and Montpensier. As a whole, the group was brilliant. In the rear, upon a spirited horse, which he managed with consummate skill, sat the English groom. Two turfmen—county York, in dark green cutaway coats, their country, calling and accent alike undeniable—stood a little apart and criticised him.

I listened—why or wherefore I can scarcely say,—but such was the fact.

"That fellow sticks well to his saddle, eh, Tom?" said one.

"No Frenchman upon earth ever taught him that seat," rejoined the other.

"Right, sir, right!" cried a third, a bystander, supplying, uninvited, his quota to the discussion. "Cary is English-born. The duke *values* him greatly—well he may!—he's *invaluable* in a stable. Very fond of horses; though why he should be, seems wonderful, considering as how his own father was killed by one."

"How so?"

"The beast was vicious—kicked him flat down in the stall and then trampled him to death. I've heard Cary tell the tale scores of times."

"[illegible] what country did he come?" said I, with as much indifference as I could assume.

"Can't [illegible] where it was; but let his former service [illegible]—cruel to him, he'd over him a cruel master—[illegible] ridden mother—and cruel to an ailing, bed-[illegible] master drove from had; whom, poor soul! his [illegible] or so before she her cottage a couple of days sorrow himself at [illegible]. But he had a taste of it. His ricks *happened* [illegible] and Cary lived to see did his barn! And so did catch fire! And so experienced what it was his house! And he homeless and houseless upon be turned out—as Cary's bedridden mother the wide world *he liked it as little!* You should had done; *and* the story. It's a rare tale to hear Cary tell gives a wholesome warning to the [illegible] to; and the cruel; of whom, I think, there is [illegible] than a sprinkling in all countries."

I hurried homeward.

Who "Cary" was; where this fire had happened; and *why*, I had my suspicions; and so, probably, has the reader.

From the Magazines.

LABOR AND ITS REWARD.

Thomas Hood, in his Magazine, for November, takes occasion to absolve himself from the reproaches of overtasked and under-paid labor: He says:

"As my works testify, I am of the working class myself, and in my humble sphere furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers—and critics—all receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. My gains consequently limited; not nearly so enormous as have been realized upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c—curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be 'clothed with curses as with a garment.' My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those ciphers, those 0's at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependent slaves. My wealth might all be hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or tin snuff-box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden square, would barely reach from home to Bread street. My riches would hardly allow me a roll in them, even if turned into the new copper mites. But then, thank God! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears or blood clog the meshes—no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse. No consumptive sempstress can point at me her bony forefinger, and say, 'For you, *sewing in forma pauperis*, I am become this Living Skeleton!' or hold up to me her fatal needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered work-woman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, 'For thee, and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil'—literally a veil of tears. No famishing laborer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad hard hand seven miserable shillings, and mutters, 'For these, and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn till dusk, through hot and cold, through wet and dry, I tilled thy land!' My short sleeps are peaceful; my dreams untroubled. No ghastly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow."

CHINESE ARTICLES OF WAR.

The Chinese articles of war are ten in number. The following is the first:—"It is the duty of a soldier in the day of battle always to press forward bravely and impetuously; for whoever through fear, or to save his life, flees, must by the law of war be decapitated, and his head exposed to the multitude as a warning. He who kills an enemy performs a meritorious act, for which he shall be rewarded with promotion. If he dies in battle his children and grandchildren shall be compassionated. The coward cannot escape the laws of government. If a man rushes forward and kills his foe, it does not follow that he shall die; but, if he draws back, it is impossible that he can live. This article is abundantly plain, and all the officers should inculcate it on the men, that they may know the great principles of right conduct; and in the day of battle they will doubtless be brave, having a hundred chances to one that they will kill 'the thieves,' their enemies, and meritoriously distinguish themselves." The eighth article runs thus:—"The soldier who bravely kills an enemy shall be rewarded; but he who is detected in lying pretexts about his own merits, or who by false tales usurps the merits of others as his own, shall be decapitated."

MY FIRST ORDER.

A young man commenced trying to obtain a livelihood by what is called canvassing for a bookseller, viz: calling at houses with specimens of first numbers of periodicals, &c., and soliciting orders. On pulling a bell for about the third time in his life on this business, a portly military looking personage appeared as quick as if he had been tied to the other end of the bell-wire, and demanded what he wanted. The Canvasser proceeded with some diffidence to explain his errand, when the gentleman rather petulantly asked, "Pray, have you ever been in the army?" The answer was "Yes sir, for a short time." "Let me see you 'right about face, then.'" This manœuvre accomplished brought the front part of the young tradesman's person opposite the yard gate, when the military looking gentleman bawls out in a voice of thunder, "Quick march—out of the yard, for nobody wants you here." The half affrighted canvasser of course immediately complied, and on gaining the outside of the palisades, cooly took out his order book, and making a show of writing, replied "thank you sir, I'll book this as my first order."

☞ A young miss, having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, and afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense, if the fact should become public, dismissed him about half way, enjoining secrecy. "Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the last novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Before our next issue the holidays will have commenced—a fact of which the reader will have been many times already reminded, by the abundance of preparation, visible on every hand. As we publicized a holiday upon the subject and its pertinents last week, there is no need to repeat it to-day. We confess, however, to a regular bayish delight—as most everyone, delight in anticipation and hilarity in enjoyment; and could we perform our editorial will, we would make every reader of the Saturday Post—not subscribers as well as faithful papers, happy, during the holidays—and ever after were, were it compatible with the mingled web of joy and sorrow which is necessary to teach us to distinguish between the two states of being.—So "A Happy Christmas and New Years" to all to whom these presents come.

The inside pages of to-day's paper have to-day a rather statistical and business-like look—but this is usual at the close of the year. People are everywhere busy in footing up the old accounts, and getting ready to commence the new year with a fair start, and balanced way goes. The venerable year, 1844, will very soon be among the have beens, and it is proper that his accounts should be settled, and his matters set in order.

Reference to our Congressional Reports will show that the national legislators have indulged tremely taken hold of their work evidently determined to do something in the very short time that remains to them. Recourse has commenced with an indirect which was to us entirely unexpected, until after the holidays. In a little time our State Legislature will be in session, and as the reader will perceive by an article in another part of this day's paper, we meet under very favorable auspices, to consummate the finances and prosperity for commonwealth.

The letter upon the Burns Papers, from our friend James Bayard Taylor, will be found exceedingly interesting. And letter of the same effect have been published before, but none have, until this, appeared from an American pen. We have heard and the reader is forcibly struck with the differences between an American and an European festival. The European festival of the people, across the water are celebrations of what our sturdy republicans would consider too old and they set up a shout to peep at the skirt of pleasure's robe, as we, more fat, and therefore more regardless are seen descended with the largest liberty and fullest participation. We beg the reader not to jaar either of our foreign letters without perusal.

The outside pages, "to the best of our knowledge and belief," are attractive and well filled. There is a sufficient variety, and, by the way, there is much there too, to make the American contented in the land of his birth.

DRY DOCK.

We trust that the present session of Congress will not pass without an appropriation, on a liberal scale—the only proper and truly economical one—for a Dry Dock, at the Navy Yard in this county. There is no part in the country, at which so many and excellent reasons exist for the establishment of a naval depot and dry dock, on a truly national scale. The character of our mechanics, the convenience, accessibility and cheapness of the required materials, and above all, the perfectly safe and sheltered position of the proposed site, all point to the appropriation here as a safe and profitable one. From storms, at all times, and from foreign interference and attack in time of war, there is no place more secure as this; and we are still less surprised that these important considerations have been so long overlooked, or not made to the attention of our legislators in matters of less importance.

It is time that Pennsylvania should make herself heard on the matter—and she will, by the representatives, but through them, in petitions signed by the people—memorials signed, and by her excellency all parts of the old Key Stone Commodore Elliot, several years ago, when engaged in a survey with a view to the location of hereditary of naval stations, presented and set forth the superior advantages of this site. His arguments were unanswerable—because true—were the relation of stubborn facts, by an impartial witness, and an experienced man, who knows what the service needs. We repeat that a strong and well directed effort is all that is necessary to secure the establishment of a Dry Dock at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and to make this station as it should be, one of the busiest and largest, instead of the smallest and most idle of our naval workshops.

WINTER.

The canal winter contracts of frost and snow have held back this year much longer than usual, in almost all parts of the country; but we observe one that the "stern ruler of the inverted year," has at last points impressively across his dominions. The Buffalo Courier, the great thoroughfare between New York City and Ohave is at last closed by the ice, and the Lake Shore Railroad was so briefly last week, that the passage by the trains was for two or three days suspended. Well, it is time the winter should come, if ever and time, too, that as streams freeze up, hearts should open. Remember the poor.

UNREPRESENTED.

A report made to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, relative to the compensation of Decatur county, presents a curious state of contingencies. Mr. Rollin Harper was returned elected—that is, according to returns—but it is doubt in his case, however, is removed by the fact of his death. The competitor, it is said, is intriguing, on account of his last election, carried by him and not paid over—but all unnecessary, as his case has been removed by his running away.

JUST.

We notice that two persons who were injured recently at Lowell, by falling through a defective side walk into a cellar, have recovered two thousand dollars damages in a suit against the city. We like to see a municipality thus punished, when it deserves it, and consider him a good citizen who takes the trouble to compel responsibility. It is a fault we all owe to the public to teach those in office their duty, when they forget it.

STATE CONVENTION.

On the twenty-second of January next, a State Temperance Convention will be held at Harrisburg. The creation of the existing political disturbances which have so long engrossed the public mind leaves room for attention to the subject of temperance, and a cordial agitation is need of.

A PROPHET.

It is stated that President Monroe, while travelling through Westchester County New York, twenty-five years ago, pointed out Croton River as the future source of the supply of water for New York.

PENNSYLVANIA.

THE STATE CREDIT REDEEMED.

We subjoin the following tables from a Harrisburg paper, the Argus. They embrace a summary statement of the receipts and payments of the State for the year ending on the 30th of November, and are of a character highly encouraging in the existence of this much unjustly abused Commonwealth. Success has been said satisfactorily, lastly, and in the language of enthusiasm, "glorious," and the actual facts of the case have been lost sight of. It is so much more convenient to print an illnatured epigram than to set up columns of figures—so much easier to utter a burlesque piece of humor than to weigh facts and ascertain relations and statistics—so much, much easier to scold at others than to do your own duty, that the Key Stone State has been the target of unbelievers for a long time, and great growlers, on both sides of the Atlantic. Conscious that time would, in the end, set all right, little has been done in answer. Now, however, that the figures are before us, we give them in the tables referred to above:

Lands,	$ 69,867 00
Offices,	24,000 00
Tax on Bank Dividends,	40,000 00
Corporate Stocks,	90,703 00
Tonnage,	224,110 81
Tavern Licenses,	37,000 00
Retailers	14,947 11
Auctions,	3,000 00
Dealers,	2,000 00
Billiard Rooms,	598 34
Theatrical Taxes,	1,000 00
Tax on Wills,	14,917 54
Collateral Offices,	1,000 00
Collateral Inheritance Tax,	1,000 00
Canal and Railroad Tolls,	1,304,223 94
Canal Tolls and Dividends,	1,000 00
Penal Statutes,	1,425 68
Miscellaneous Items,	1,000 00
Enrolment of Charters,	1,000 00
Militia Fines,	1,000 00
Militia and Exempt Fines,	500 00
Militia,	1,000 00
Sales of Public Property,	1,000 00
Attorney General's Office,	1,000 00
Miscellaneous,	1,000 00
	$1,870,000 00
Balance in Treasury, Dec. 1, 1843,	470,000 00
	$2,340,000 00

PAYMENTS.

Commissioners of the Internal Improvement Fund,	$ 13,000 00
Canal Commissioners,	1,000 00
Militia Expenses,	11,170 16
Pensions,	20,000 00
Education,	200,000 00
Charitable Institutions,	30,000 00
Colleges, Academies, &c.,	140,000 00
	2,500,000 00
Loans,	29,000 00
Interest on Loans,	1,000 00
Pennsylvania,	11,500 00
Schuylkill,	1,000 00
Conveying Tolls,	1,000 00
Delaware,	1,000 00
Nicholson Line,	1,000 00
Pennsylvania Railroad,	1,000 00
Portage Railroad,	1,000 00
Collecting Internal Commissions,	47 00
Printing,	1,000 00
Public Debt,	1,000 00
Contingencies per special acts of Assembly,	1,000 00
Canal Commissioners,	1,000 00
Canal Contracts, certificates,	1,000 00
Miscellaneous,	1,000 00
	$2,970,717 16
Balance in Treasury, Dec. 1st, 1844, available,	$ 369,282 84
Outstanding Appeals in the U. S. Bank,	1,000,000 00
	$1,369,282 84
	$2,340,000 00

This, it will be observed, leaves an actual available balance in the Treasury, on the first of January, 1845, of nearly seven hundred thousand dollars: and it is altogether reasonable to suppose, that on the first of February, when the interest falls due, there will be at least a million—and thus the question of the February interest is set at rest, and we believe also, that all future doubt, delay or hesitation, will also cease. By looking over the table of payments, it will be observed, that what is called the "Domestic Debt," is nearly cancelled; and it is to be remarked also, that the payments to the Commonwealth's Internal Improvement Fund, embraces about $200,000 on old debts. With these still stones removed, and an actual income in excess of about $900,000, the future looks cheerful indeed.

It is to be observed also, that this charge has the better has been produced without any additional taxation. In the fiscal year just commenced, a three mill, instead of a two mill, tax is to be imposed; and with this increased revenue, and the diminution of charges for interest, &c., the gratifying prospect of a demi-million of surplus is before us. Those who have had confidence in the Old Key Stone will now rejoice, and some of them too, we suspect.

TO SPINSTERS.

It should be borne in mind that as 1844 is Bissextile, or Leap Year, 1845 is not—as two successive years of that kind of year never are not in the habit of occurring in the calendar. From the date of the paper there remain but eleven days for the old maids—and they may use their privilege of supplying bashful swains who dare not ask, with the privilege of asserting the day. Some of them will look in on time for the first time which was not more than half full, and aged in the face of the which may come better under this head than any other.

The first is in relation to the young woman who had learned of the Rochester rappers, that it is an ideal young lady of the newspapers, but a no mistake daughter of New Jersey, residing in Hudson County, who, on the 25th of November, was on the Presidential election, the stakes being her own charming self, for bates or no bates. Any young man wanting her in case of Polk's election, and losing her in the event of Clay's success. The result is known, and the wedding comes off in a few weeks. The bates are quite young—the lady about eighteen, and the young man twenty. The fun of the matter is that the parties had the pretension to interest in the election of Mr. Clay, and although acknowledged latter, had no idea of finding their destinies but feet at first sight to come.

The other item is on account of a marriage which took place in London on the 6th of November. We copy from a London paper:

"The marriage took place at the parish church of St. George on the 6th of November. The bride was Ann Mcormick, an Irish girl, who was formerly a waiter in Baker's 2,000 School, and the bridegroom William Thompson, a wealthy miner, belonging to the Wellclose square division of the London police. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, the well known clergyman, who is also a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and who has been for many years the friend of the poor. The bride was given away by Mr. Thomas Beard, the inspector of the division to which the bridegroom belongs. The bride was dressed in white satin, with a veil and orange flowers, and looked very handsome. The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of black. After the ceremony the party returned to the residence of the bride's father, in Ratcliff, where a splendid breakfast was provided, and the happy couple left for Margate, where they intend to spend the honeymoon. The bridegroom is a widower, and has been married before. The bride is a native of Ireland, and has been in London about two years. She is a very pretty girl, and has been much admired by the police-men on the beat, who have subscribed a handsome present for her."

The marriage took place at the parish church of St. George on the 6th of November. The bride was Ann Mcormick, an Irish girl, who was formerly a waiter in Baker's 2,000 School, and the bridegroom William Thompson, a wealthy miner, belonging to the Wellclose square division of the London police. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, the well known clergyman, who is also a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and who has been for many years the friend of the poor. The bride was given away by Mr. Thomas Beard, the inspector of the division to which the bridegroom belongs. The bride was dressed in white satin, with a veil and orange flowers, and looked very handsome. The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of black. After the ceremony the party returned to the residence of the bride's father, in Ratcliff, where a splendid breakfast was provided, and the happy couple left for Margate, where they intend to spend the honeymoon. The bridegroom is a widower, and has been married before. The bride is a native of Ireland, and has been in London about two years. She is a very pretty girl, and has been much admired by the police-men on the beat, who have subscribed a handsome present for her.

ONE DAY ELECTION.

It will be observed that the bill introduced by Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, which provides for the holding of the Presidential election on one day, in all the States, has passed the House of Representatives, with only four dissenting votes. We hope it will also pass the Senate, and with equal unanimity; and thus will be affected one of the most desirable reforms which has ever been introduced into our mode of exercising the elective franchise.

CAUTION.

There is a very prudent "saying" now going the rounds, to wit: "An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his adored. 'Alas!' cried he, 'I believed in her until I got so too proud to speak to me.'" There is a capital lesson in this young man's experience; for it illustrates the truth, that by too much confidence we are spoiled. But then they have to pay for it after marriage.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Among the uses of the electric telegraph between Baltimore and Washington, it is stated that a gentleman connected with the Post Office department was last week apprised of the fact that five minutes before he had become a grandfather, his daughter residing in Baltimore. This might be termed "domestic intelligence."

EMIGRATION.

The official report of the number of passengers arrived and cleared in the United States for the year ending Sept. 30, 1844, states the total number to be 84,746. To this large number are also to be added those who have arrived in the Canada line, and in other directions, where they do not come into official reports and returns.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Mr. Henry Conrad, of Washington, M.J., has been cast in a suit for breach of promise, by Miss Susan Shantzer, to the amount of $2,000. We know nothing about this particular case, and its circumstances, but as a general rule, he who is cast in a suit of this kind may find abundant consolation.

MEXICO.

We have various accounts from this country, which are hard to sift. They seem, however, pretty conclusively to show, that Mexico has been thrown Shantzer, to the needle on her hands to undertake any foreign war.

BACHELORS' JUBILEE.

Those of the lucky bachelors of Boston, who have managed to escape matrimony, are invited until that time, propose to hold a jubilee on the 31st instant—the close of leap year.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

Of the Old World.

NUMBER SIX.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

Glasgow, August 7, 1844.

Yesterday was a great day for Scotland—the assembling of all classes to do honor to the memory of her peasant bard. And right fitting was it, that such a meeting should be held on the banks of the Doon, the stream of which he has sung so sweetly, within sight of the cot where he was born. The beautiful monument erected by his countrymen, and more than all, beside "Alloway's witch-haunted wall!" One hundred and fifty years had rolled away on the call, and that from the wild hunters of the northern hills to the shepherds of the Cheviots, had been heard and known to answer to the render gratitude to the memory of the sweet bard who was one of them, and who gave their wants and their woes such eloquent utterance.

For months before had the proposition been made to hold a meeting on the 6th of August, to the Shakspeare Festival on the Avon, and the 10th of July was first appointed for the day, but as time was required for the Burns Festival, it was postponed until the 6th of August. The Earl of Eglinton was chosen, almost unanimously, for Chairman, and Professor Wilson for Vice-Chairman; and in addition to the usual number of Stewards, fifty more were invited to attend. A pavilion was erected in the field adjoining the monument, capable of containing about five thousand persons, and the whole field of twenty acres thrown open to the public. All these preparations had been completed by the middle of July, and it was expected the meeting would be of the most interesting character.

When we arose it was raining, and I feared like the tournament of Eglinton Castle, the weather might prove a damper to the enjoyment of the day. But it cleared off in a short time so that the first train which was not more than half full, and aged in the face of the which may come better under this head than any other.

The first is in relation to the young woman who had learned of the Rochester rappers, that it is an ideal young lady of the newspapers, but a no mistake daughter of New Jersey, residing in Hudson County, who, on the 25th of November, was on the Presidential election, the stakes being her own charming self, for bates or no bates. Any young man wanting her in case of Polk's election, and losing her in the event of Clay's success. The result is known, and the wedding comes off in a few weeks. The bates are quite young—the lady about eighteen, and the young man twenty. The fun of the matter is that the parties had the pretension to interest in the election of Mr. Clay, and although acknowledged latter, had no idea of finding their destinies but feet at first sight to come.

The other item is on account of a marriage which took place in London on the 6th of November. We copy from a London paper:

"The marriage took place at the parish church of St. George on the 6th of November. The bride was Ann Mcormick, an Irish girl, who was formerly a waiter in Baker's 2,000 School, and the bridegroom William Thompson, a wealthy miner, belonging to the Wellclose square division of the London police. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, the well known clergyman, who is also a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and who has been for many years the friend of the poor. The bride was given away by Mr. Thomas Beard, the inspector of the division to which the bridegroom belongs. The bride was dressed in white satin, with a veil and orange flowers, and looked very handsome. The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of black. After the ceremony the party returned to the residence of the bride's father, in Ratcliff, where a splendid breakfast was provided, and the happy couple left for Margate, where they intend to spend the honeymoon. The bridegroom is a widower, and has been married before. The bride is a native of Ireland, and has been in London about two years. She is a very pretty girl, and has been much admired by the police-men on the beat, who have subscribed a handsome present for her."

QUICK WORK.

It is stated that Mr. Emerson, of Mullet-Mass., now in his 80th year, has made 500 pairs of shoes already, since January 1, 1844, and expects to complete his two-hundred January next. This is tolerably fast work for an old man, being at the rate of three pairs a day. I would hardly require three score years and ten of me, we suspect, to wear them all out, however. There must be some "mistake" in such as case.

SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.

The third anniversary of the Philadelphia Sabbath School Union, was held in the Central Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening. The exercises, which were participated in by the Rev. Mr. Skinner, Rev. Dr. Dewitt, and Rev. Messrs. D. P. Kidder, M. La Roe Thompson, and Richard Newton, were of a solemn and impressive character. From the report, which was read by the Secretary, Mr. A. Bumstead, we derive the following interesting facts:

We have returns from ninety-two schools within the bounds of the society; though this number does not embrace all the schools in our city and districts, numerical and otherwise denominations, yet so far as the reports have been received, we have reason to believe they are for the most part correct. From the returns thus reported, number male pupils 9,453; female 12,561; male teachers 1,295; female 1,602.

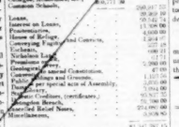
The sixty-three schools of this number there has been an aggregate increase during the past year of 1,127 male and 1,145 female scholars. Eight schools of the above reported have been organized since our last report. Seven of the superintendents have also received the report of one of the assistants, exhibiting results of a most gratifying character. To show the fruitful working of our system, we present the returns as officially reported to the Board. The number now contains of male pupils 1,173; female 1,953; male teachers 144; female 207. Total number 2,481 male and 663 female scholars have been gathered into the Sunday School within the preceding year."

A TERRIBLE NUISANCE.

The manner in which salesmen, back drovers and others congregate around the doors of hotels, and a nameless tribe of drummers, horses and livery venders, assail the unfortunate victims from steamboats, in this and other cities, is a flagrant and most troublesome nuisance. Not only does it afford a ready opportunity for pickpockets and swindlers, but it puts passengers in absolute jeopardy of their lives. We were ourselves on board the boat on the evening of Friday last, as the passengers were coming on shore from the steamboat Pioneer, and the confusion, and the scenes of violence and, on the confusion; and the women of the boat that such a casualty occurred, but that accounts of a like description do not more frequently happen.

FAIR AT ADVENT.

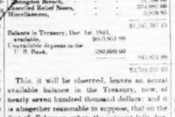
We have barely space to-day to remind the reader of the Fair of the Ladies' Association of the Advent, of the Ladies' Fair, which commences on Monday evening of the week ensuing, and will be continued on the next evening, until Friday—Christmas day excepted, when the sale will be held in the evening only. The proceeds are to go to the benefit of the Church Fund, and as the object is necessarily at present supported entirely by voluntary contributions, the Fair is counted an important auxiliary.



LESSON OF A PEACH-SKIN.

We some eat a young lady, (and a beautiful young lady she was, too,) into a store on Chestnut street, in Broadway, to do a little shopping. She had been recommended by paragraph in Saturday's Tribune—namely, a peach from the country, which she had put upon which a gentleman, walking before it, had nearly slipped down. The bruised fruit normally act," and he blessed her unawares. Lemuel Stone, Esq., of Boston, was upon the side-walk would seem to be a very trifling matter," would, indeed, one reading paragraph in which we have referred, may prove a very serious consequence. If walking down Broadway, and not looking out for any accidents, when I met a young fire company, with some difficulty keeping their machine in the right direction, and I experienced a dreadful wrench of my hip joint, which I felt for months afterwards. I supposed I had dislocated my hip, but after a few minutes I was able to walk on, and I thought no more about it. But I have been the sufferer ever since. I have been under Dr. Harvey's care for some time, and I am happy to say I am now able to walk without pain. I have used a few bottles of his celebrated Anodyne Liniment, and I feel confident that a few more will make a perfect cure. The Anodyne is a wonderful medicine, and I would recommend it to all who are afflicted with rheumatism."

Dr. Harvey's Anodyne Liniment is for sale at No. 4 North Second street, between Market and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.



TO SPINSTERS.

It should be borne in mind that as 1844 is Bissextile, or Leap Year, 1845 is not—as two successive years of that kind of year never are not in the habit of occurring in the calendar. From the date of the paper there remain but eleven days for the old maids—and they may use their privilege of supplying bashful swains who dare not ask, with the privilege of asserting the day. Some of them will look in on time for the first time which was not more than half full, and aged in the face of the which may come better under this head than any other.

The first is in relation to the young woman who had learned of the Rochester rappers, that it is an ideal young lady of the newspapers, but a no mistake daughter of New Jersey, residing in Hudson County, who, on the 25th of November, was on the Presidential election, the stakes being her own charming self, for bates or no bates. Any young man wanting her in case of Polk's election, and losing her in the event of Clay's success. The result is known, and the wedding comes off in a few weeks. The bates are quite young—the lady about eighteen, and the young man twenty. The fun of the matter is that the parties had the pretension to interest in the election of Mr. Clay, and although acknowledged latter, had no idea of finding their destinies but feet at first sight to come.

The other item is on account of a marriage which took place in London on the 6th of November. We copy from a London paper:

"The marriage took place at the parish church of St. George on the 6th of November. The bride was Ann Mcormick, an Irish girl, who was formerly a waiter in Baker's 2,000 School, and the bridegroom William Thompson, a wealthy miner, belonging to the Wellclose square division of the London police. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, the well known clergyman, who is also a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and who has been for many years the friend of the poor. The bride was given away by Mr. Thomas Beard, the inspector of the division to which the bridegroom belongs. The bride was dressed in white satin, with a veil and orange flowers, and looked very handsome. The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of black. After the ceremony the party returned to the residence of the bride's father, in Ratcliff, where a splendid breakfast was provided, and the happy couple left for Margate, where they intend to spend the honeymoon. The bridegroom is a widower, and has been married before. The bride is a native of Ireland, and has been in London about two years. She is a very pretty girl, and has been much admired by the police-men on the beat, who have subscribed a handsome present for her."

Local Intelligence.

MILLERISM.

There remain among us some of the melancholy effects of Miller delusion. Many persons appear to have sustained a shock from which they have not recovered, and are in a state of mind more under the notice of the police. On Friday of last week a well dressed man, of middle age, whose name is Johnson, was brought to the police office in the case of a physician and one of the high constables, in a state of mind bordering on insanity, represented, surrounded by a crowd of persons, many of the most incoherent expressions, and in a state almost amounting to frenzy. He was conveyed, by order of the Mayor, to the Insane Asylum at Blockley.

FAIR AT ST. PHILLIP'S.

The Fair at St. Philip's Church, announced in our last, opened on Friday of this week, after a pleasant and successful duration of three days. The display of ingenious workmanship by the ladies, and the liberality of the friends of the church, was truly splendid; and the article sold will be reserved for many a year as pleasant memorials of the Ladies' Fair.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Lord Mayor's Show—Fashions—The Emperor of Russia—Personal and Royal Gossip—Parisian Suicide—Aristocratic Pugilist—Parisian Belles—Inundation—Sir Greg Fireworks—Much Shakspeare—Music—Pitt at the Head—The Lord Lieutenant's Levee.

Bristol, England, Nov. 17, 1844.

We have been made quite merry here, over the singular spectacle of a Lord Mayor's Show, which the Chief Magistrate of the City in the World, was not, as usual, hoed, but hooted. The Payment—a pieced of lard—was the cause of the disturbance, and all along the streets, crowds of people assailed—from the Churchwarden's armour—&c., while at the conclusion, glass ware were pooled, who sung songs, holding up their glasses

"Oh, Alderman Gibbs,
Pray give up the Mace,"

&c. Altogether it was a droll, an uproarious, though a very merry night."

There is but little news stirring, I must say, in a paragraph to the Fashions of Paris, it is promising that the new mantle or cloak call the "Rescue," is all the rage—all be made in brocade or rich velvet, with a hood, some Rousseau of satin (sky-blue, or rose colored,) trimmed with fur and flowers of lace in satin and bobinet. Paper tight and *loupe* mounting to the fair, and then forming a shawl—sleeves of lace, and from the front to the bottom of the skirt, two rows of mother of pearl buttons arranged. "Parisienne" of great elegance, is of rich black velvet, and much simple fringeries of black or morone satin; also of rich velvet, are quite a la mode. The newest hats have fronts of satin, and are richly trimmed with flowering wreath—and of fish and brilliant colors. There is a decided preference for bonnets of white lace, and from the throat

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to hand their letters addressed to us. The word "Post" all round is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and offices.

Orders will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscription.

Agents are expressly solicited to make quick remittances, and by which it is difficult to keep accounts correct.

All should always give name and post office address of subscriber. Remember also the Post Office entered from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by Messrs. Hall, Smith, Hall & Comstock, of Vandalia South, T. T. Dyer and D. I. Jennings.

JOHN DEMUTH, Canada East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSTON are agents for Philadelphia and Vicinity.

Mr. HENRY H. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia.

CHARLES E. JAMES is Agent for the South and North Western States and Florida, assisted by Jesse L. Wright, William B. Allen, Wm. H. Wright, Wm. Wood, R. H. Henry, and John Collier.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A PIERCE offers for us in Penn. JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

C. P. We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcherie.

Notices of New Works.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF ENGLAND, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This volume, in typography and general getting up, as a companion to the "Poets and Poetry of America, by the same editor. The last mentioned book raised a storm among the "critickers," which has nearly yet subsided. But we are sure we are secure that no man's judgment could be expected to agree with that of every other man, and that, with the particulars of those interested, the leaving public has exercised, and will continue to exercise, its own private opinion. In this work Mr. G. has the advantage of the Atlantic Ocean between himself and the living subjects of his notice, and the dead of the dead. He has also the greater advantage of a disinterested public, and we observe that he is already apparent in this work, which he look has been removed. We think, also, upon such examination as we have had time to give to the first volume is indeed prepared with a more faithful reference to the English poets than to the American. And the we say without intending at all to detract from the poet volume, we cannot, the present, for it is our earnest opinion that no man living could, or would if he could, have made a book half so full of the spirit of the poetic contributors. Almost anybody else, at all capable of compiling the work, would have made more pretension to a great shade of thought, the prominent feature. Mr. G. evident with wonderful discrimination from all: and it is this last feature to say that he has a more universal appreciation of the merits of the various themes of verse, shades of thought, and characteristics of styles than almost any other literary man in the country. With Mr. Griswold, more than with Mr. Longfellow, the poet stands the best selection ever made.

The Poets of England is a volume valuable to the general reader, aside from its claims as a collection of poetry, for the history which it embodies of the delight ful branch of English literature in the present century. Brief personal notices of each poet precede the selections from their works; and the critical remarks which accompany them are written with freedom, and a sort of "comparative assurance" of criticism which we like. It is a work, which could be successfully attempted only by one on well read in poetry as he. The volume contains eight steel plates, one of which is a fine likeness of Pope.

This book, by the way, will make a very desirable gift book for ladies. The same publishers have given the public "The Gift," "The Diadem," an illustrated "Lady of the Lake," and we could name several other of their own and other books, calculated to suit all tastes for presents.

GODEY LADY'S BOOK, for January, 1845, is a very beautiful number. It boasts no less than five embellishments—one of which, the "Lovers' Quarrel," is the prettiest thing of the kind in any of the monthlies. The matrimonial, "Help my Mother," is a faithful and touching picture, done in Dodd's best style: the face of the old lady, especially, is natural, and admirably contrasts with the sweet resistance of the child. Of the usual number of enigmas, "A Summer Scene for a Winter Month," is one of the best. "Bessie" and the "Lovers' Quarrel" are, however, good pictures. Godey is wide awake. His literary department is excellent, as it always has been, at the season. Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Embury, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Caudy, C. J. Peterson, Esq., Charles Lanman, Esq., Surgeon, Dix, Sawyer, and Professor Frost, are among the contributors. The best poem in the number is one Mrs. Welby, and it is not surpassed by any of those articles we have not yet found leisure to read. On the whole Godey has secured a vast deal of matter this will meet the account, which each enterprise deserves.

THE POLITICIAN, *Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.* Under this title Mr. Appleton has published one of the very little manuals, one entitled "The Gentleman", and the other "The Ladies' Book of Etiquette." They contain many very good hints and maxims, plainly and politely expressed, and with a due appreciation of the duties and orthodoxy of conspicuous. It is due to these little books to say that they have on them no sort of pretension to advance the mere rules of fashion and etiquette, and they may safely be pronounced at once the briefest, neatest, and most practical things of the kind which have appeared. Very pretty presents they will make for the young ladies.

Apropos—of presents. We have from time to time noticed "Ye Book," "The Keepsake," "The Token," and other beauty and gift books, children' books, and illustrated works of all kinds, as published at this establishment. It is a pleasure to announce to our readers that the supply and desirable volumes, fit for the holidays, may be found at this same American and approved.

FARLEY'S CHARTER LIBRARY. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This excellent series, prepared by Mr. Daniel Farley, has notable and original Penn Pilot Farley, is well worth the attention of those who are looking to the future. It is not unnecessary to remark that the leading twenty volumes, on twenty of the subjects best calculated to excite general interest, are already out on you youth, and to inform them also upon the subjects most interesting and important, relative to their own country. Fifteen volumes of the volumes are now out, and have been, at different times, noticed in this paper, as they appeared. The whole, we believe, will be completed—and the series, bound according to the taste of the buyer, will make a magnificent library, containing more really useful and interesting matter than has been lumped together. This is a good plan for Zieber & Co. have a large and various assortment of gift and other works suitable for the season.

The Lamp of the Lord. By the Writer Book. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. This is a happy effort to unite the beauties of the prevalent mode of getting up a "annual" volume, with the more solid and substantial worthy of preservation, and adapted for reading at all seasons of the year, and through all years. It is a beautifully constructed volume we have at once a book fit to lay on the centre of a bachelor pile, and for perusal in a literary competent. It is to the other gift books as a personal. In point of general execution it is not to any volume which we have seen from the American press—delicate steel engravings, clear handsome type, thick white paper, and strong binding. All this is the recommendation alone is enough to give it an elegant the interior, to those days of cheap and coarse publications.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. *By Robert Southey. New Ford. D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.* This is, perhaps, the best edition of Southey's which could have been expected from Southey, and a much more liberal one than could have been expected, that the Englishman of Southey's previous would have written. The Lectures as well known to have been written for private assistance. He has not given the same full measure of merit to Cromwell that a republican would have done, and that no impartial reader will deny to the ability with which the book is written. And if Mr. S. has failed in this appreciation of the character of Cromwell, it must be remembered that a really impartial life of the Protector yet remains to be written.

LESTER'S LIVING AGE. In no work professing to give the spirit of foreign literature, has the pressure been so severely felt as in Lester's Living Age—because in this Every number contains matter not only instructive but amusing, and no one interested in the progress of the age or mere classes of literature and advance others, in order to support any particular views of the conductor, the reader has the privilege of selecting the "Living Age," and of weighing for himself the manifestations of unprejudiced, and the market of progress. Lester, of the Philadelphia publisher.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. The thirty-seventh number of Hewett's Illustrated Shakspeare, just received, by Zieber & Co., and by *T. B. Peterson*, completes the first volume of the beautiful work. The plates contained in this number, Macbeth, Othello, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, The Comedy of Errors, and Cymbeline. The notes written and adapted by Mr. Verplanck, the whole forming a valuable, elegant, and satisfactory, without overburdening the work, and the edition is altogether what it was promised that it should be.

THE CANTERBURY, or SCENES IN ROME, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY. *By W. Taylor Ross. New York: M. W. Dodd. Philadelphia: Leonhard & Blanchard.* This little volume gives an excellent general idea of the condition of Rome at the period of which it treats, and the position of the early Christians. It is an unassuming and interesting book.

THE MESSIAH OR CHARMED ONE is the title of a new and capital Irish story, now publishing in numbers, by the Harpers and for sale by Zieber & Co., *T. B. Peterson*, and *Peterson & Peterson*.

GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE *for January, 1845.*—How is Graham, with five embellishments—"The Child and Lion," a mezzotint by Sartain—"Wreath of Roses," by Quarter—"Indiana Lane Racing"—"Monument Battle Field"—and "Mother Child," the three latter by Pauline. What will our fair reader most forcibly in opening this number, is to the Indian pictures, both admirably executed, that of the Indian Chief especially so. This feature must make Graham's Magazine popular, particularly in the West. We are glad to see the magazine this year making its appearance in the early part of each month, as the 1st of January is generally considered the time for taking the papers—by many the 1st of January. As it may be, agreeably published more national pictures, than its contemporaries. The list of contributors for his January number comprises the names of Longfellow, Cooper, Poret, Bryant, Halleck, Sprague, and other of our first-rate writers. Literally the best story of the number is by Fenny Forester and the most sentimental piece, by Lucretia Maria Davidson. Graham has never published a better number.

THE DISPUTE. *By Caroline Elizabeth. New York: T. W. Ford. Philadelphia: Leonhard & Blanchard.* This is one of the most interesting of the class of tales by this lady, and is published in a form exceedingly neat and tasteful. The story is one which Mrs. Judd has also published in serials edition of the Waldenses of the valley, as published. L. & B. are entitled, for their share of the gift books this season, to the credit of having published "one of the best" gift books in the market, and they offer a good copy at a low volume.

HARPER'S HISTORICAL BIBLE. No fourteen of this elegant work, just published, brings the reader down to the commencement of the reign of Solomon. The plan of the sale, we learn, increases with every number, and the demand for the back numbers, from new subscribers, is already so great as to justify Harpers for a publishing issue, if it cannot so other work. The numbers are for sale at Zieber & Co., and *Griggs & Elliot*, and by *T. B. Peterson*.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The Prospectus of this elegant monthly is to be found in another column. For the ladies—considering its cheapness, and the sort of thing it is got up with—it is perhaps the best work we cannot recommend a better Christmas or New Year's gift. Read the "Prospectus!" The terms are indeed exceedingly small: twice the price of any two dollar lady book ever issued!

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, *and Miscellany Compendium*, is the title of a valuable work just published by the publishers, of which we are constantly receiving the numbers. It contains three hundred sheets of closely printed matter, and will comprise about six or seven typical studies, and the compression and delivery of so much, and at so low a price, is a pleasing feature.

PRAY DEVOUT. *By Mrs. Hubard. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a reprint of an excellent as to which we observe, has just left the press of Mr. P. the long life of usefulness. The book is got up uniform with several others from the same press, and is well calculated for family or Sunday books, from the cheapest to the most expensive, may be had of *T. B. Peterson*.

THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR. *By Rev. Wm. H. Wilkins.*—It will be a sufficient introduction of this work to the public to say, that it is a translation from D'Aubigne. Any thing from his pen will command wide attention. Any thing from his pen will command wide attention. The present translation which the Heresy of Reformation enjoys.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a beautiful edition of a large type, with a manner by living, and a critical notice by Mrs. Hemans. Campbell's entire works are and is embellished with engravings, many of which a gems, and all are excellent. It is a capital book for it season.

THE LANCASTER AT LONG WORK HOUSE OR CHRISTMAS NOW. *By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* There seems to be a very natural tension and to gentlemen, by the publication of the "Christmas" and in so general style and getting up this as a "hero" a hundred-cent issue promises great success. Peterson.

SACRED HISTORY. *For the Use of Schools and Families. Philadelphia: from the Harpers of Washington Square. Philadelphia: W. G. Wardle.* We have looked over this work, and think it a good addition to the numerous books on sacred history. It is a plain book, and is well calculated for schools.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN COMPANION. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Leonhard & Blanchard.* This is a work written by N. Bennett, Esq., an experienced farmer and gentleman. It is liberally embellished with illustrations, and written in a practical style, and is such a work as every cluster of lands should possess.

THE EXPOSITORY EXPOSITOR.—*Isle is Blanchard* has issued a series of tracts, under the above title, which are well calculated to take the attention of people to the subject of religion.

THOMPSON'S CITIZEN'S GUIDE.—The third number of the Harpers' Serial Edition of Thompson's Guide has been received from *T. B. Peterson*, by *Zieber & Co.*, and by *Perkins & Purves*. It is a standard work.

THE WASHINGTON INN.—No. 7 of the Harpers' edition of this work has been received from *T. B. Peterson*, by *Zieber & Co.*, and by *Perkins & Purves*.

DEBAT ROSE. The twelfth number of this Rhododendron has been received. It will be completed in twenty-four weekly numbers.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, Dec. 11.—Mr. Benton introduced a bill for the annexation of Texas, which, on motion of Mr. Archer, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and ordered to be printed. The following are the features of the bill:

1. The boundary of the territory annexed to be the Sabine, the Red River, the Arkansas, and along the highlands and mountain heights which divide the waters of the Mississippi from the waters of the Rio del Norte, and to latitude forty-two degrees north.

2. The people of Texas, by a legislative act, or by any authority, yet which shares the will of the people, may form themselves into a State with such accession.

3. A State to be called the "State of Texas," with boundaries fixed by herself, and an extent of territory not less than the largest State of the Union, to be admitted into the Union by virtue of the act, and on an equal footing with the original States.

4. The remainder of the acquired territory to be held by the United States as part of their territories, and to be called the "Southern Territory."

5. The existence of slavery to be for ever prohibited in the northern and middle portion of said territory, west of the tenth degree of longitude west from Greenwich, so as to include, as equally as may be, the whole of the annexed country between the Sabine bordering and ten-and-a-half-bolling States.

6. The consent of Mexico to be obtained by treaty to such annexation and boundary, or to the dispersion of the Texas Congress of that country. In default of which consent the United States may deem such assent to be unnecessary.

7. Other details of the annexation to be adjusted by treaty, so far as the same may come within the scope of the treaty-making power.

Resolutions were submitted, in relation to various enquiries. Among them was one by Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, instructing the Judiciary Committee to enquire into the expediency of modifying the Naturalization Laws; and by Mr. Allen, calling upon the President for copies of any correspondence with the English Government, relative to the Oregon Territory. The latter, after debate, was passed, 28 to 16.

In the House Mr. Dawson's bill, to relative to the Harrisburg and Baltimore railroads, taken out of Committee of the Whole, to be reported to the House. A bill to prohibit the practice of duelling was debated in Committee. Mr. Douglass gave notice of a bill to admit the Territory, west of Missouri, to be called Nebraska.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Dec. 12.—A resolution was adopted, requesting the President to communicate correspondence with France, relative to Texas. A resolution asking for information relative to the Florida fund of Texas was postponed to Monday, to which day the Senate adjourned.

In the House the Constitution of Iowa, and the Territorial Bill, were debated, when the latter was taken out of Committee of the Whole, to be reported to the House. A bill to prohibit the practice of duelling was debated in Committee. Mr. Douglass gave notice of a bill to admit the Territory, west of Missouri, to be called Nebraska.

IN SENATE, Friday, Dec. 13.—A resolution was adopted, requesting the President to communicate correspondence with France, relative to Texas. A resolution asking for information relative to the Florida fund of Texas was postponed to Monday, to which day the Senate adjourned.

In the House the Constitution of Iowa, and the Territorial Bill, were debated, when the latter was taken out of Committee of the Whole, to be reported to the House. A bill to prohibit the practice of duelling was debated in Committee. Mr. Douglass gave notice of a bill to admit the Territory, west of Missouri, to be called Nebraska.

Fires.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

The dwelling house and barn of Mr. Seymour F. Benedict, at Walton, in Delaware County, N. Y., was entirely consumed by fire on Saturday night, the 7th inst., and dreadful to relate, his wife and five children perished in the flames. As soon as the fire was discovered, the fire was communicated from a candle that the children took on going to bed, up stairs. The inhabitants fail to describe the prisoner as a free man or a slave. There are other testimonies for the middle.

☞ One of the conductors upon the Western Railroad, during the five years that it has been open from Boston to Springfield, has travelled over the road 5 hundred and 5 seventy-five thousand miles, an amount equal to thirteen times the circumference of the Globe.

☞ The members of the new Provincial Parliament of Canada, are as follow, of the following religious persuasions: Church of England, 35, Church of Rome 20, Presbyterians 13, Methodist 1, Independent 1, not known 1.

☞ A certificate in a Georgia paper states that a rattlesnake has been killed in Franklin county, that was 7 feet 6 inches in length, 63 inches in circumference, and with tusks one inch and a half long.

☞ The number of permits taken out for the erection of buildings in Boston, from July to December, was $1,132; in East Boston 295; in South Boston 199. Total, 1,625.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2500 shares Chesapeake and Ohio Canal		9½@10
1200 do. Wilmington R. R.		10@10½
100 do. Morris Canal		46
100 do. Lehigh Coal & Navigation		46@46½
25 do. do.		46
100 do. Pennsylvania Bank		97½
100 do. do.		97
100 do. Pennsylvania Bank,		97½
$2000 Reading R. R. 6 per cent.		84
$3000 Reading R. R. 6 per cent.		84
$1000 Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.		84
$10,000 Penn 5's,		74
$5,000 Penn 5's,		74
$1,000 Penn 5's,		74
$1,000 Penn 5's,		74
$1

Selected Poetry.

THE EVENING SIGNAL.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Not a ray from the sun o'er the waters was shining
To brighten the waves as they glided along,
Where the ship on the river's broad bosom reclining
Bore up with her gallant and sailor-like throng,
When a voice from the quarter deck, gently prevailing,
Arose in the calm of the night falling gloom;
And quickly the gunner, the time-token hailing,
Sent forth from his cannon a deafening boom.

The light of its flash, in the darkness appearing,
Lit up for a moment the tremulous wave,
And ting'd the low clouds, through the welkin careering,
With the beautiful splendor it suddenly gave.
And loud it resounded, o'er woodland and billow,
And echoed and echoed, till, dying away,
The weary were warn'd from their toils to the pillow,
At the quiet departure of luminous day.

As the hum of the harbor, at twilight subsiding,
With the tiring stir of the city was o'er,
The sound of that gun was a signal betiding
The watch of the ship, and the calm of the shore.
And wild was the boom of its deep jarring thunder,
When first at the even-tide, near to the strand,
In the stillness it waken'd the quick ear of wonder,
And roll'd like a warning, o'er water and land.

And oft as at vespers the guard was resuming
His watch by the moon's, or the stars' pale beam,
That signal was heard o'er the still waters booming,
With the sigh of the breeze, or the flow of the stream.
And the larum proclaimed, as it startled emotion,
And echoed away through the vault of the sky,
That the sons of the Navy, with gallant devotion,
From duty in peace nor in battle would fly.

The Legendary.

COUNT OTTO AND HIS BRIDE.

FROM APPLETON'S PRIZE STORY BOOK.

"Hold fast thy hope, and Heaven will not
Forsake thee in thine hour;
Good angels will be near thee,
And evil ones shall fear thee,
And faith will give thee power."—*Southey.*

[illegible]

LIFE'S EVENING.

My strength is failing like one growing old;
My friends are dropping one by one away;
Some lie in far off lands—some in the clay
Rest quietly, their mortal mementoes told.
My sire departed ere his locks were gray;
My mother wept, and soon beside him lay;
My elder kin have long since gone—and I
Am left—a leaf upon an autumn tree,
Among whose branches chilling breezes steal,
The sure precursors of the winter nigh.
And when my offspring at our altar kneel
To worship God, and sing our morning psalm,
Their rising stature whispers unto me,
My life is waning to its evening calm.

T. McKELLAR.

☞ "Why am I like Texas?" said the unmarried Miss Starr to a bashful wooer, who did not "spunk up," as the saying is. "I do not know," said the green one. "Because I am a lone star." "Then," said the fellow, brightening up, "let me propose annexation."

☞ The last case of absence of mind is that of a gentleman named Silver, who intending to ring for his servant, flung himself down on the hearth. He soon discovered himself to be bad silver, as he could not ring.

☞ I've made up my mind to pay the printer. Susan, give me a five dollar bill, and I'll send it before I get out of humor. That's a good man, said the wife, handing the money.

☞ When you hear a mysterious human cry at the dread hour of midnight, it is a sign that somebody has got a tongue, and that you have got ears.

☞ Perhaps it will hardly be believed that one of the most celebrated historical paintings in the world was *drawn* by a truckman.

☞ An eastern editor, noticing a new mode of fattening hogs, says he has tried it and found it unexceptionable.

"I am a broken man," said a poet, one day. "So I should think," was the reply, "for I have seen your pieces."

☞ By ramming a coal of fire into the muzzle of a loaded gun, you can save the priming.

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

TO THE LADIES.

[illegible]

I DIE FOR YOU.

[illegible]

FAULTS OF AMERICANS.

[illegible]

From the Journals.

POOR AND HONEST.

[illegible]

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

[illegible]

Selected Sketches.

THE LUNATIC AND HIS TURKEY.

A Tale of Witchcraft.

BY J. D. MOORE.

[illegible]

...of the jar became sufficiently rarefied, it exploded, with the effects above stated.

For a long while after this, the old ladies who officiated on this singular occasion, used to tell of the strange noises they heard overhead on that night; and some of them actually believed they had got the better of the adversary, especially as it soon became noised abroad that an old woman living in an adjoining town, and long suspected of witchcraft, actually died on that eventful night. The poor lunatic, however, was never the better for these kind but mistaken efforts in his behalf, and in a few months after died.

THE FADED FLOWER.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

I keep it still, the faded flower,
Through long and cheerless years,
In memory of that happy hour,
Which time the more endears.
When from thy hand the gift I took,
And saw the tear-drops start,
And clasped with fond and grateful look,
The giver to my heart.

That flower, like her who gave it, then
Was loveliest of its kind,
And vainly might I seek again
So fair a flower to find;
But brief alike the joy and bloom,
It withered in a day,
And reft of hope and wrapt in gloom,
I bore it far away.

In distant lands, midst care and grief,
That flower was yet more dear,
And often every cherished leaf
Was moistened with a tear;
And still I keep the faded flower,
And hold, while life shall last,
The memory of that happy hour,
Which consecrates the past.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.

A dog of a mongrel breed, who is well known about Castle street, Aberdeen, by the name of the Doctor, has been for some time past in the habit of begging half-pennies from all and sundry with whom he could claim the slightest acquaintance. The Doctor, however, does not foolishly throw away the money given to him, but spends it in the most judicious manner. The shop which he first patronized with his custom, was that of a baker, who only gave him a bap or a biscuit for his bawbee, but he has now changed his place of business, not on account of any difference in political or religious feeling, but simply be- [illegible]

Our Scrap Book.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

[illegible]

The Olio.

ANECDOTE OF THE FAR WEST.

[illegible]

EMBLEMATIC PROPERTIES OF FLOWERS.

[illegible]

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected;—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, as the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE,
ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of this duty the purveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons, but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so abused as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere panders for crime. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It will be particular on proper themes, brief on others of which unpleasant truth requires the record, and comprehensive on all—performing the partisan work of

NO SECT OF RELIGION,—NO PARTY IN POLITICS.

But striving to render equal and exact justice to all men. During the coming contest, the

ELECTION RETURNS

will be published full and minute, with every pains to be correct, and certainly with as much claim to be trusted as any party paper. Our central position gives us in this respect advantages which no other point in the country possesses to so great an extent as is enjoyed by the

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

In the Literary Department the same pains heretofore taken will be continued to make the Post in all important respects as good as

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE,

and in some points, better than the best of the Monthlies. In READING MATTER, more than twice as much is given, for less money; The POSTAGE is a great deal less—the issue is more than four times as frequent as the monthlies; the literary matter embraces articles from all living writers, American and Foreign; and extracts also from the literary legacies of the great dead, as well as from current literature. In a word, the Post is a

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE COMBINED;

[illegible]

WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT!

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE,

"PAUL JONES," "MARION'S MEN," &c.

AN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE,

THE BEST AMERICAN ORIGINAL TALES.

ORIGINAL DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

HIGH SOUTHERN SCENES OF ROMANCE.

PACKINGS OF ODD CORNERS,

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND STATISTICS.

[illegible]

Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

[illegible]

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT STREET.

[illegible]

ANDREW S. CHAMBERS

BOOTS AND SHOES BY THE PACKAGE.

[illegible]

THOMAS L. EVANS.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

[illegible]

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFECT OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

[illegible]

JAYNE'S LIFE PRESERVATIVE.

[illegible]